Foole. Let me hire him too, heer's my coxcombe.
Lear. How now my prety knaue, how do'ſt thou?
Foole. Sirra, you were beſt take my coxcombe.
Kent. Why Foole?
Foole. Why for taking on's part, that's out of fauour, nay and thou can'ſt not ſmile as the wind ſits, thou't catch cold ſhortly, there take my coxcombe; why this fellow hath baniſht two on's daughters, and done the third a bleſſing againſt his will, if thou follow him, thou muſt needs weare my coxcombe, how now nuncle, would I had two coxcombes, and two daughters.
Lear. Why my boy?
Foole. If I gaue them any liuing, id'e keepe my coxcombs my ſelfe, ther's mine, beg another of thy daughters.
Lear. Take heede ſirra, the whip.
Foole. Truth is a dog that muſt to kenell, hee muſt bee whipt out, when Ladie oth'e brach may ſtand by the fire and ſtincke.
Lear. A peſtilent gull to mee.
Foole. Sirra ile teach thee a ſpeech. *Lear.* Doe.
Foole. Marke it vncle, haue more then thou ſheweſt, ſpeake leſſe then thou knoweſt, lend leſſe then thou oweſt, ride more then thou goeſt, learne more then thou troweſt, ſet leſſe then thou throweſt, leaue thy drinke and thy whore, and keepe in a doore, and thou ſhalt haue more, then two tens to a ſcore.
Lear. This is nothing foole.
Foole. Then like the breath of an vnfeed Lawyer, you gaue me nothing for't, can you make no vſe of nothing vncle?
Lear. Why no boy, nothing can be made out of nothing.
Foole. Preethe tell him ſo much the rent of his land comes to, he will not beleeue a foole.
Lear. A bitter foole.
Foole. Doo'ſt know the difference my boy, betweene a bitter foole, and a ſweete foole.
Lear. No lad, teach mee.
Foole. That Lord that counſail'd thee to giue away thy land,
Come place him heere by mee, doe thou for him ſtand,
The ſweet and bitter foole will preſently appeare,
The one in motley here, the other found out there.
Lear. Do'ſt thou call mee foole boy?

Foole. All thy other Titles thou h
waſt borne with.
Kent. This is not altogether foole
Foole. No faith, Lords and great
a monopolie out, they would haue pa
will not let me haue all the foole to m
giue me an egge Nuncle, and ile giue
Lear. What two crownes ſhall the
Foole. Why, after I haue cut the
vp the meate, the two crownes of t
thy crowne it h middle, and gaueſt a
thy aſſe at h backe or e the durt, thou
crowne, when thou gaueſt thy golde
my ſelfe in this, let him be whipt tha
Fooles had nere leſſe wit in a yeare,
For wiſe men are growne foppiſh,
They know not how their wits doe
Their manners are ſo apiſh.
Lear. When were you wont to b
Foole. I haue vs'd it nuncle, euer ſi
ters thy mother, for when thou gau
downe thine own breeches, then th
and I for ſorrow ſung, that ſuch a K
and goe the fooles among: prethe N
ſter that can teach thy foole to lye, I
Lear. And you lye, weele haue y
Foole. I maruell what kin thou an
haue me whipt for ſpeaking true, th
lying, and ſometime I am whipt fo
rather be any kind of thing then a fo
thee Nuncle, thou haſt pared thy wit
in the middle, here comes one of the

Enter Gone

Lear. How now daughter, what
Me thinks you are too much alate i t
Foole. Thou waſt a prettie fello
to care for her frowne, now thou ar
better then thou art now, I am a foo

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